

The Lamentation of a new married man, briefly declaring the
sorrow and griefe that comes by marrying a young wanton wife.
To the tune of, Where is my true Loue

Ye Batchelors that bzaue it
So gallant in the street,
With Muske and with hose-water,
Smelling all so sweet:
With Shoes of a panish leather,
So fealty to your fate,
Behold me a married yong man.

Before that I was wedded,
I lived in delight,
I went unto the dancing Schoole,
I leard at fence to fight:
With twenty other pleasures,
That now are banisht quite,
I being a married yong man.

When I lived single,
I knew no cause of strife,
I had my heart in quiet,
I led a pleasant life:
But now my chiefest study
Is how to please my wife,
I being a yong married man.

Quoth she, You doe not loue me,
To leane me all alone,
You must goe a gadding,
And I must bide at home,
While you among your Whores,
Spend more then in your owne:
This life leades a married man.

Doe you thinke to keepe me
So like a dymage each day,
To toyle and moyle so fastly,
And lame me every way?
Ile haue a mayd, bir Lady,
Shall worke while I doe play,
This life leades a married man.

Then must I giue attendance
Upon my Mistresse haies:
I must wait before her,
While she doth walke the Fields.
She'll eate no meate but Lobsters,
And pretty Origs and Celes:
This life, &c.

Then must I get her Chories,
And dainty Bather'n Peares:
And then she longs for Codlings,
She bradeth Child she sweares:
When God knowes tis a Tushion
That she about her beares:
This life, &c.

She must haue Rabbit suckers,
Without spot or specke:
I must buy her Perfumes
At straine grocers the Becke:
She must haue Eggs and Whitewine,
To wash her face and necke:
This life leades a married man.

If once to passe it cometh,
That she is brought to bed,
Why then with many dainties
She must be dayly fed:
A hundred topes and trifles
Comes then within her head:
This life, &c.

Against that she is Churched,
A new Gowne she must haue:
A dainty fine Rebato
About her necke to bzaue:
French bodices, with a Farthingale,
She neuer sinnes to craue,
This life, &c.

Aboard among her Gossips
Then must she dayly goe:
Requesting of this fauour,
A man must not say no,
Lest that an bakind quarrell
About this matter grow:
This life, &c.

To Wif-rings and Weddings,
Aboard then she must pzaue,
Whereas with lusty Youngsters
This gallant Dame must dance:
Her Husband must say nothing,
What day soeuer chance:
This life, &c.

And then there is no remedy,
She must goe to a Play,
To purge abounding Cholles,
And drine sad dumps away:
She carries out till midnight,
She sweares she will not stay:
This life, &c.

When home at last she cometh,
To bed she getteth faine,
And there she lyes full soundly,
Till the morning at nine,
Then must she eate a Caluile
With a Silver spone:
This life, &c.

Therefore my friends be warned,
You that vnwedded be,
The troubles of a married man
You doe most plainly see,
Who likes not of his living,
Would he would change with me,
That now am a married man.

Where I was wont full often
God company to keepe,
Now I must rocke the Cradle,
And hush the Child asleepe:
I had no time nor place
Out of my doyes to pzaue,
Since I was a married yong man.

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The second Part to the same Tune.

An answer sent to the young married Man,
Written most friendly by his gentle Wife Nan.



A Lacke therefore lament you,
your happy wedded state:
Wherein you shew great folly,
repentance comes to late.
To make you selfe a mocking-stock,
with merry scoffing mate,
Now you are a married young man.

In youth, doe well remember,
your minde was all on play:
Declining sport and pleasure,
your lawdly thoughts did guide:
Tis time such foolish fancies
should now be layd aside,
Now you are etc.

When you lived single,
your time you vainely spent:
Into bawfull pastime,
your pangling wits were bent:
But now you must learne wisdoms,
discreet to prevent:
Nith you are, etc.

In alas to estimation,
longs to a single life:
What were you but a ship Yacke,
before you had a wife,
A mate for every mad-cap,
a driver up of strife.
Nith you were a married young man.

A wife hath won you credit,
a wife makes you estim'd.
A house'd man through marriage,
now are you surely dem'd,

And you shall find at all times,
a wife your dearest friend,
Now you are etc.

Then is it right and reason,
your wife should pleased be:
It is a happy household,
where couples doe agree:
It doth delight the Angels,
such concord for to see,
Then blest is the married young man.

If I doe blame your gadding,
it is for love be sure:
Bad company doth alwayes
ill counsell still procure.
The man that will be thifty,
must at his wozke endure,
While he is a married young man.

This wozke his Commendations,
amongst the very best:
The chiefe men of the Parish,
his acquaintance will request:
And then he shall be called
to office with the rest,
When he is a married young man.

He shall be made a Headborough,
unto his credit great,
At what time all neighbours,
his friendship will intreat,
And then it is most decent,
he should goe fine and neat,
When he is a married young man.

Then bareheaded unto him,
a number dayly flocke:
To helpe him by his office,
from many stumbling blocke:
Then comes he to be Constable,
and set knives in the flocke:
Thus riseth a married young man.

His wife shall then be seated
in Church at her desire,
Her Husband he is Alderman,
and sits within the Maire,
Then he is made Churchwarden,
and placed somewhat higher:
Great joy to a married young man.

Then seeing all this credit
by marriage you doe winne,
Then your wife tis reason,
you should be good and kinde:
And sometimes waite vpon her,
according to her minde:
As best fits a married young man.

If freindly you goe with her
to walke out of the Towne,
Why then you may haue pleasure,
to giue her a graine Colone:
To haue so great a favour,
some men would giue a crowne,
Which is not a married young man.

As for the Peares and Apples;
you giue me in the street,
The Cherries of the Cabbings,
for pretty women meet,
At night I giue you kindly
a thousand kisses sweet:
Great joy to a married young man.

In hundred other pleasures,
I doe you then bestow:
In bringing forth your Children;
great sorrow I doe know.
For twenty Calmes and Birkles,
the like would not be true,
If any fine young married man.

Woe should you forgoe the Cradle,
I tell you for most plaine,
There is not any pleasure,
but sometimes broken paine.
If you will not be troubled,
why then god be reuaine
To play the married young man.

FINIS

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